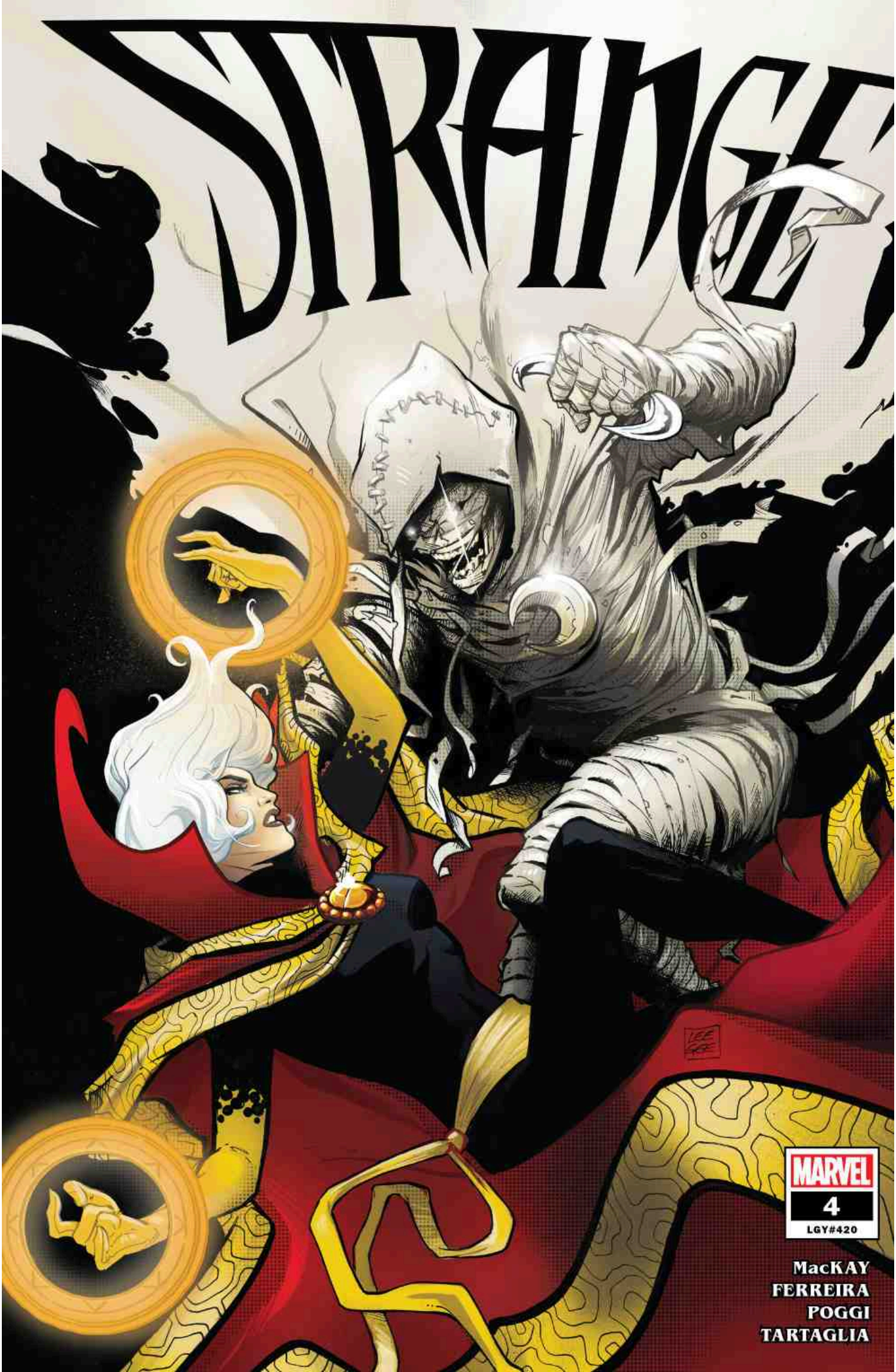
STRANGE
MARVEL
4
LGY#420
MacKAY
FERREIRA
POGGI
TARTAGLIA

NEAL ADAMS
1941-2022

"Neal Adams was both an unstoppable force and an immovable object. The world just lost an amazing artist, a brilliant storyteller, a wild creative force of nature and a man who forever changed the comics medium and the culture of entertainment. I lost all of that, as well as a father figure, mentor and friend."
— **BILL SIENKIEWICZ**

Marvel celebrates the life of artist Neal Adams who passed away April 28, 2022. His photorealistic style caused a seismic change in comic book art in the 1960s. At DC, he drew headline characters such as Batman and Superman and struck new ground with writer Dennis O'Neil in the socially relevant *Green Lantern/Green Arrow* series. At Marvel, his work with Roy Thomas on both *X-Men* and the "Kree/Skrull War" in *Avengers* has had a lasting influence on the Marvel Universe. Adams also made an impact through his mentorship of new artists and the innovative work of his Continuity studio. Adams' influence cannot be overstated.

STRANGE

Doctor Stephen Strange is dead! Now the mantle of Sorcerer Supreme belongs to his wife, Clea Strange! But she's not about to relinquish this title anytime soon, at least not until she brings Stephen back from the dead.

Meanwhile, new threats are forming around her: The Blasphemy Cartel gang has been targeting innocent magical refugees. They have also been resurrecting dead superhumans for their nefarious goals. Clea struck back at the Cartel, decimating one of their hideouts and incurring their wrath.

But there's no time for that now! A special dinner guest is about to arrive at the Sanctum Sanctorum…

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DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

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--AND EVERYTHING IS PREPARED?
YES, CLEA. EVERYTHING IS READY.
EVERYTHING?
BE CALM, CLEA.
A VISIT FROM A WARLORD IS PART OF EVERYDAY BUSINESS FOR THE SORCERER SUPREME.
THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM. GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK.
A WARLORD?
PLEASE, THAT'S NOT WHAT IS WEARING MY NERVES RAW.
I GREW UP IN DORMAMMU'S COURT.
NO, WONG. I AM AT HOME AMONG WARLORDS.
NOK NOK NOK
IT IS MY MOTHER WHO I DREAD.

PRESENTING:
THE WARLORD OF NEW UMARRIA!
THE QUEEN OF ANTARCTICA!
SCOURGE OF THE DARK DIMENSION!
IN AN HONOR THAT I AM WHOLLY UNWORTHY OF, I PRESENT TO THE SORCERER SUPREME OF EARTH--
--UMAR THE UNRELENTING!
GREETINGS, SORCERER SUPREME.
GREETINGS, DAUGHTER.

HM.
MOTHER.
WHAT A TREAT. WELCOME, I SUPPOSE.
I HAD EXPECTED SOMETHING MORE GRANDIOSE, DAUGHTER. MORE BEFITTING YOUR STATION. YOUR LINEAGE.
YOUR DEAD HUSBAND'S MUSTY OLD HOME?
I WILL HAVE A PALACE ERECTED FOR YOU IN NEW UMARRIA.
WONG, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE BATS FOR A WALK?
MY APOLOGIES IF MY LIVING ACCOMMODATIONS REFLECT POORLY UPON YOU.
I'M CERTAIN THAT YOU MUST HAVE RAISED ME TO ACT BETTER, BUT I JUST CANNOT SEEM TO RECALL WHEN.
TCH.
RECRIMINATIONS, CLEA? I MAY NOT HAVE BEEN A LOVING MOTHER--
--OR A PRESENT MOTHER OR A MOTHER EVEN KNOWN TO--
--IN THE MANNER OF THE WEAK CREATURES YOU SURROUND YOURSELF WITH, BUT GIVEN THAT I NOW SPEAK TO THE SORCERER SUPREME OF BOTH EARTH AND THE DARK DIMENSION...
...YOU APPEAR TO HAVE DONE WELL FOR YOURSELF, REGARDLESS OF ANY PERCEIVED MATERNAL FAILINGS ON MY PART.
WHY, WHEN I THINK OF WHAT I SACRIFICED FOR YOU...
WON'T YOU JOIN ME FOR DINNER, MOTHER?

"WHY, I WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO, DAUGHTER.
SCREECH
SCREECH
"WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS, YOU AND I.
"YOU HAVE THIS WORLD IN THE *PALM OF YOUR HAND* NOW, DARLING.
KLAK
KLAK
KLAK
KLAK
99
39
I WISH FOR--
RUB RUB
"YOU WILL WANT *MY* COUNSEL ON YOUR NEXT STEPS, NATURALLY."

YOUR COUNSEL--?
WHEN HAVE I EVER REQUIRED YOUR COUNSEL, MOTHER?
OH PLEASE, CLEA--
--UGH. I WILL HAVE MY SOMMELIER SEND YOU SOMETHING PASSABLE TO DRINK, REALLY--
--WHO ELSE COULD YOU TURN TO? YOUR UNCLE, DORMAMMU? THAT FOOL MORDO? NO, ONLY YOUR MOTHER UNDERSTANDS.
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I FINALLY UNDERSTAND MY OWN DAUGHTER. WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN DOING.
WILL YOU FORCE ME TO SAY IT?
I'M PROUD OF YOU, DAUGHTER.

PROUD.
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I WISHED I HAD A MOTHER-- ONE WHO MIGHT TELL ME SUCH THINGS.
THAT TIME IS LONG, LONG PAST, UMAR.
COYNESS DOESN'T SUIT YOU, DAUGHTER.
YOUR PLAN, LONG-TERM AS IT HAS BEEN, HAS BORNE FRUIT.
POSITIONING YOURSELF CLOSE TO STRANGE OVER ALL THESE YEARS SO THAT YOU MIGHT BE MADE SORCERER SUPREME UPON HIS DEATH... A BRILLIANT PLAY.
YOU ARE PERFECTLY POSITIONED TO TAKE OVER THIS WORLD NOW.
LIKE THE WARLORD I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN YOU SHOULD BE.
TELL ME, DID YOU ENGINEER STRANGE'S DEATH AS WELL?
OF COURSE I DO.
...
YOU HAVE, HAVEN'T YOU?
BY THE FLAMES OF THE FALTINE. DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU'RE IN EARNEST WITH ALL OF THIS?
BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH...
YOU THINK I'VE BEEN MAKING A PLAY FOR POWER? HERE?

"I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS.
"THIS STATION, THAT OF THE SORCERER SUPREME, IS A BURDEN.
"A BURDEN I WOULD HAVE BEEN RID OF AS SOON AS WAS POSSIBLE, IF NOT FOR A PROMISE I MADE TO STEPHEN.
"YOU HAVE SORELY OVERSTEPPED, MOTHER.
"THE MAN I LOVED. LOVE.
"IS THAT CONCEPT SO ALIEN TO YOU, MOTHER???"

TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER LOVED ANYTHING IN YOUR LIFE? OTHER THAN POWER AND CONQUEST?
I CAME HERE PREPARED TO ENTERTAIN THE THOUGHT OF LOVING MY DAUGHTER, CLEA.
FOR THE FIRST TIME, PERHAPS. BUT SURELY THAT MUST COUNT FOR SOMETHING.
UMAR, I--
KRASH
BOOM

THAT'S IT!
THE ROCKET-PROPELLED GENIE HAS BREACHED THE SANCTUM WALLS! ACTIVATING LAZARUS AGENT!
WHO--
--DARES?!
KEEP CLEAR!
FIRE IN THE HOLE!
BLEEP
BOOM

THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL.
THEY'VE BROUGHT SOMETHING NEW TO BEAR.
SHAAADOWKNIIIGHT.

WHAT IS THIS, ONE OF YOUR SUPER HEROES?
NO. I THINK--
--I THINK IT'S A REVENANT. SOMETHING NEW--
--SOMETHING FAST?
YAAAAHH!
SHAA-AAADOWKNIII-IIGHT...
SHNG
SHNG
SHNG
AAAGGHH!
HOW?!
HOW COULD THESE BLADES CUT THROUGH MY SHIELD OF THE SERAPHIM?!
THIS ONE IS MORE POWERFUL THAN THE LAST ONE I ENCOUNTERED.
IT IS A GESTALT OF THOUSANDS OF GHOSTS, BOUND TOGETHER. THERE IS POWER IN THAT MANY SOULS.

FLAMES OF THE FALTINE!
CRYSTALS OF CYNDRIARR!
THIS THING...THIS "SHADOWKNIGHT" IS *UNLIKE* THUNDERSTRIKE.
HE IS FASTER, STRONGER AND CAN CUT THROUGH SORCEROUS DEFENSES AS IF THEY WERE NOTHING.
BUT THE GREATEST DIFFERENCE IS THAT THUNDERSTRIKE HAD BEEN A HERO IN LIFE.
EVEN DRIVEN MAD IN DEATH, HIS SKIN COMMANDEERED BY THOUSANDS OF HALF-MAD GHOSTS, *SOME* FRAGMENT OF THE MAN HE ONCE WAS REMAINED.
I CAN SMELL THE MADNESS ON THIS CREATURE. HE WAS NEVER A HERO, BUT A *BRED-IN-THE-BONE KILLER.*
ENOUGH.
IMAGES OF IKONN!

MOTHER. IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THIS CREATURE WAS BROUGHT HERE.
MOTHER. IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THIS CREATURE WAS BROUGHT HERE.
MOTHER. IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THIS CREATURE WAS BROUGHT HERE.
MOTHER. IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THIS CREATURE WAS BROUGHT HERE.
MOTHER. IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THIS CREATURE WAS BROUGHT HERE.
IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND GOING OUTSIDE AND KILLING ALL THE LITTLE GANGSTERS WHILE I DO MY JOB, I SHOULD BE EVER SO GRATEFUL.
GO ON, THEN, DAUGHTER.
I AM OF A MIND TO MAKE SOMEONE PAY FOR THIS INDIGNITY, AND THESE WILL DO AS WELL AS ANY OTHER.

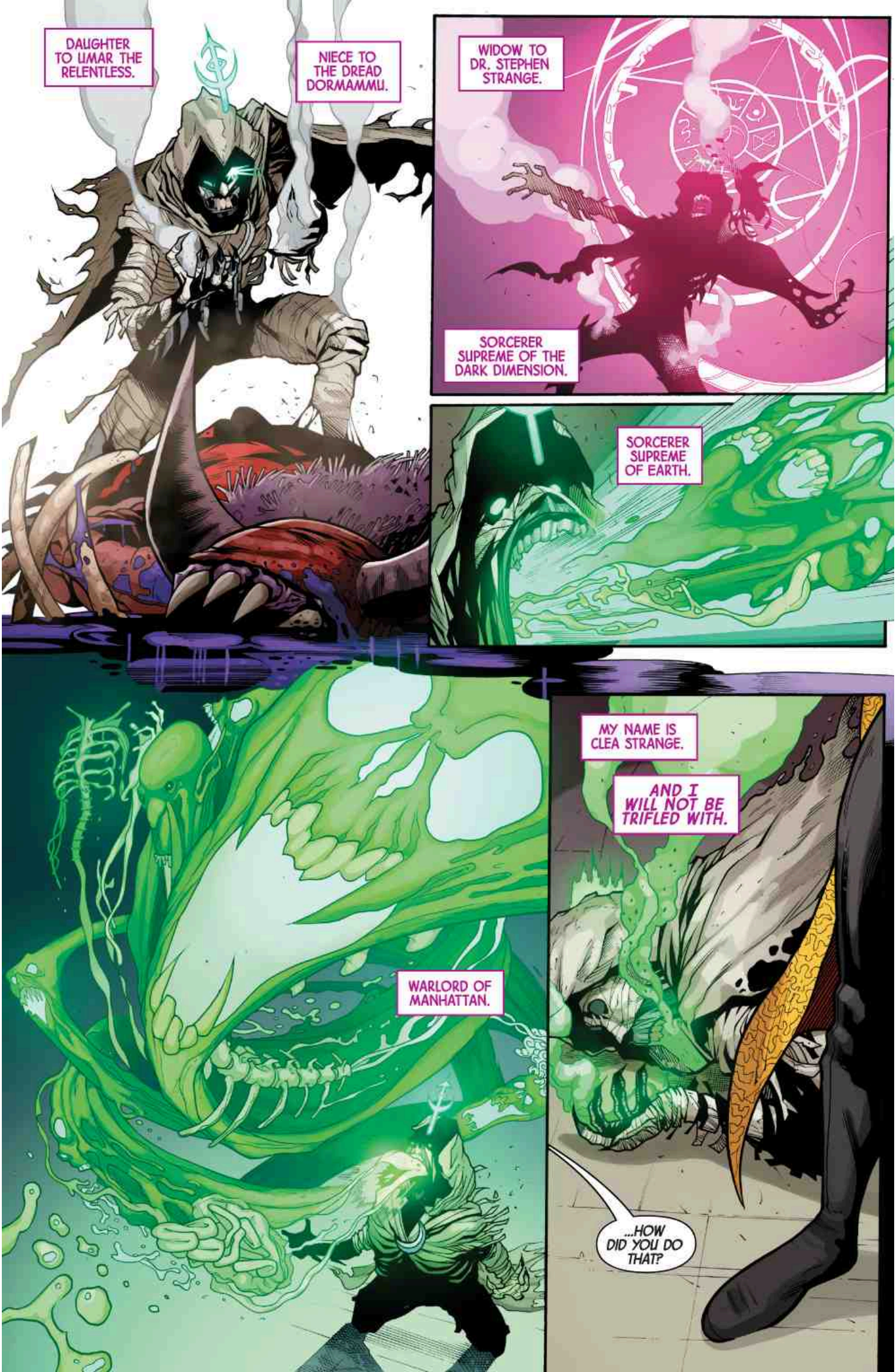
NOW, MONSTER...
...HOW EXACTLY SHALL I DESTROY YOU, I WONDER?
RAAAAAAAHHH!!!
THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL CONTINUES TO VEX ME, DESPITE MY *VERY CLEAR* WARNINGS.
SO PERHAPS IT IS TIME TO *REPURPOSE* ONE OF THEIR PREVIOUS MINIONS.
DEMON!

ATTEND ME! YOUR MISTRESS CALLS YOU!
I HEAR, DREAD MISTRESS! I OBEY!

RAAAAARGHH!
DIE! DIE! DIE AGAIN!
IS...IS THAT ONE OF OUR DEMONS?
DEMONS.
THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN DEMONS, WORM.
ALLOW ME TO EDUCATE YOU ON WHAT THE FALTINE DO TO THOSE WHO TAKE LIBERTIES.
OH NO--
WARLORD INCOMING!
KLAK
KLAK
KLAK

THE DEMON WON'T LAST LONG.
BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO.
IT MERELY HAS TO BUY ME ENOUGH TIME TO WORK.
THE ROTES--ESTABLISHED SPELL-FORMULAE SUCH AS THE WINDS OF WATOOMB--ARE NOT DESIGNED FOR DEALING WITH SUCH A CREATURE.
THESE GHOST-HIVES, THESE REVENANTS, ARE NEW, AND NEW MAGIC MUST BE BROUGHT TO BEAR AGAINST THEM.
WHICH IS WHY I AM TAKING ON THE SUICIDAL TASK OF ASSEMBLING A NEW, UNTESTED SPELL-FORMULA ON THE SPOT.
IT IS LIKE ATTEMPTING TO COMPOSE A SONG AND DOING COMPLEX MATHEMATICS AT THE SAME TIME, ALL THE WHILE, CONDUCTING A CHEMICAL REACTION WITH DANGEROUSLY EXPLOSIVE REAGENTS.
IT IS COMPLICATED WORK.
THERE IS A REASON THAT THE COMMON CONCEPTIONS OF MAGICIANS ARE AS DODDERING WHITEBEARDS AND WIZENED CRONES.
CREATING NEW SPELLS IS DIFFICULT. IT TAKES TIME. A GREAT DEAL OF TIME.

LUCKILY, I AM VERY GIFTED.
AMONG MANY OTHER THINGS.
THERE.


DAUGHTER TO UMAR THE RELENTLESS.
NIECE TO THE DREAD DORMAMMU.
WIDOW TO DR. STEPHEN STRANGE.
SORCERER SUPREME OF THE DARK DIMENSION.
SORCERER SUPREME OF EARTH.
WARLORD OF MANHATTAN.
MY NAME IS CLEA STRANGE.
AND I WILL NOT BE TRIFLED WITH.
...HOW DID YOU DO THAT?

AH, THERE YOU ARE.
THE BATTLE IS DONE. YOU'RE LATE.
I THINK IT'S TIME YOU ANSWERED SOME QUESTIONS FOR ME, HARVESTMAN.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT:

Back from the Dead!

Dead heroes and villains alike have been reanimated as ghoulish versions of their past selves. Now it's up to Strange and the Harvestman to make sure these dead supers stay dead! But what happens when the next reanimated hero is Clea's dead husband: Stephen Strange?!

EMAIL US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"!

ZONE